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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

ARTHUR PALMER HUDSON

Editor

CONTENTS

	Page
MORE POSIES, The Editor	1
"OL' RING," Frontispiece, Bill Ballard (Raleigh News and Observer)	2
OL' RING, Lula Little Overton	3
RECIPE FOR PINE BARK STEW, Paul Overton	5
A SAMPLING OF FOLKLORE FROM RUTHERFORD COUNTY, John Walker	6
HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BLUE RIDGE, S. S. Brown	17
NOTE ON "AT HOME, MY LASSIE"	19
SOME NORTH CAROLINA MOCK ORATIONS, Gilbert Tweed	20
COLLEGE FOLKLORE AT CHAPEL HILL IN THE EARLY 1900's, B. E. Washburn	27
TURTLE CREEK TO BUSRO: NOTES ON SHAKER BALLADS, Daniel W. Patterson	31
GAR (GYAR) BROTH; GOWBRAL (GOWBRAWL), Arthur Palmer Hudson	38
THE DECEMBER 1955 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY, A. P. Hudson, Secretary	40
PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING THE 1955 MEETING	41
THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE	41

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE COUNCIL

Chapel Hill

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

Every reader is invited to submit items or manuscripts for publication, preferably of the length of those in this issue. Subscriptions, other business communications, and contributions should be sent to

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The North Carolina Folklore Society was organized in 1912, to encourage the collection, study, and publication of North Carolina Folklore. It is affiliated with the American Folklore Society.

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MORE POSIES

"Congratulations are due to the North Carolina Folk Society for the publication of Volume II, No. 1, of North Carolina Folklore. A 44-page offset-printed pamphlet, this issue succeeds Volume I, No. 1 (1948), and (it is hoped) initiates a series of regular quarterly publications . . . .

"Edited by Professor Arthur Palmer Hudson, this little magazine promises to be one of the liveliest of state publications in the field. The current issue records ballads, folksongs, anecdotes, tall tales, riddles, and 'folk obituaries,' as well as the annals of the recent Carolina Folk Festival and the Twenty-Fifth Ramp Convention. It carries John Foster West's collection of 'Games and Riddles from Western North Carolina' and an article by Ann O'Hara on 'Traditional Verses from Autograph Albums.' The latter makes use of a practical classification of such verses and offers appropriate examples of each of the ten chosen categories."

--TENNESSEE FOLKLORE SOCIETY BULLETIN, XX (December 1954).

"Another number of North Carolina Folklore under date of September 1954 has come to hand. This is Number 1 of Volume II. A single number of Volume I appeared in 1948. After six years it is good to know that this journal is still alive. Under the editorship of Arthur Palmer Hudson, this publication of the North Carolina Folklore Society and the University of North Carolina Folklore Council of Chapel Hill is an impressive collection of local items. It contains a courting song, 'Vandy, Vandy,' which is clearly connected with variants of 'Lady Isabel.' Hudson has carefully identified his sources and has collected, in addition to ballads, other items, such as folk tales, a series of obituaries, superstitions, and traditional verses from autograph albums. The material is strictly North Carolinian and is well worth preserving."

-- WESTERN FOLKLORE (University of California), XIV (April, 1955).

"I've enjoyed it so much, and thank you a million." --Mrs. W.H. Austin, Smithfield.

"Our children liked especially the article about the autograph albums. I read it aloud with pleasure. Like the magazine very much." -- Mrs. Christopher C. Crittenden, Raleigh.

POSIES IN RETURN

The Editor is under special obligations to Caedmon Publishers, 468 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., for albums of long-playing records made by Eudora Welty and Tennessee Williams. Having received from Caedmon a circular announcing albums issued to date, he inquired at Kemp's Record Shop in Chapel Hill, and was delighted to find that Kemp had already stocked some of the albums. He took the Faulkner and the MacLeish albums on approval, liked them very much, then wrote Miss Marianne Roney, of Caedmon, to make an offer: If a notice in North Carolina Folklore would be worth the Welty and the Williams albums (chosen because these writers, like the Editor and William Faulkner, are Mississippians), send them along. Miss Roney did. The albums are extremely interesting, conveying as they do the special flavor of the speakers in a delightful way, and encouraging the hearer to go to the published works of the authors. Tennessee Williams' "Poems Meant for Music" and "The Yellow Bird" exemplify an attractive aspect of the author's work that is little known. Miss Welty's "Why I Live at the P.O." and "A Memory," as well as the other selections, give a penumbra and a new dimension to her writing. The Faulkner album contains the noble "Nobel-Prize Acceptance Speech," some passages from As I Lay Dying, and other Faulkneriana, all read in a voice that became familiar to the Editor when, thirty years ago, he played golf with Mr. Faulkner, and read or heard some of his stuff at the nineteenth hole, before it was ever in print. . . . Many thanks to Caedmon and Miss Roney for pleasant hours past and pleasant hours to come (their grateful recipient not yet having had time to hear all the albums, but having made sure to play MacLeish's "Not Marble Nor the Gilded Monuments").

OL' RING

By Lula Little Overton

[Miss Overton was born and bred in Anson County, where her mother's people, the Littles, have lived for generations. Her father was raised just across the Pee Dee River in Mount Gilead. She received her A. B. degree in Journalism from the University of North Carolina in 1951, and returned this summer to earn her teaching certificate in English. She has written a few stories and poems for her "little friends," and these are usually based on people and events of the South. She has had several feature stories published in leading North Carolina newspapers. One of her newspaper pieces, entitled "This Ring Really Is a 'Possum Dog," the basis of the following story, appeared in the Raleigh News and Observer in 1951, with an illustration by Staff Artist Bill Ballard, which is reproduced here with the permission of the News and Observer.]

(Dedicated to my father, a resident of Anson County and of the Pee Dee River, who told his daughters many tales of hunting and fishing and many more about dogs. We are still trying to separate the true stories from the fiction, but he is no help to us in this endeavor, since he fully believes the tales himself. This fact probably accounts for his ability to make his audiences believe even the wildest of his yarns.

(The following children's story is based on one of his hunting narratives which he says is absolutely true, and written with the hope that the children of this modern age will enjoy an old-fashioned yarn.)

After supper every night the children gathered in the kitchen to hear "Uncle Ben" tell them stories as he ate his supper, stacked the wood, and smoked his old pipe. That pipe was a part of old Ben. He had owned it since he was a young man, and he was never without it. Many times the family had given him a new one which he conveniently lost or gave away.

Tonight as the children came up, Hannah, the cook, was washing the dishes, and Ben was just finishing up his supper.

Nine-year-old Ted led the way, with Billy (four) and Carol Sue (seven) trailing after him.

"Heah come dem younguns wantin' a story from ya', Ben," Hannah whispered. "I think dey's aimin' ter sneak up ter ya' an' skeer ya'."

Ben pulled out his pipe and was fixing to light it when three small voices yelled, "BOO!"

"Goo'ness gracious! You lims-er-Satan made me ter drap mah pipe. Huccum y'all ain't in baid yit?"

"We came for a story, Uncle Ben," Ted answered, "and we didn't mean for you to drop your pipe." Three heads hung, and three little faces looked penitent.

"Huh! I might a broke hit an' had ter use one o' dem sto' boughten t'ings yer pa gi' me! Well, set yo'sel's on dat bench yander by de stove an' tell me what y'all wan' ter heah 'bout."

"I wan' heah 'bout 'Wing-dog'." This from Billy.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Carol Sue, "an' how he caught fish for you, an' pointed at birds, an'..."

"An' caught carpet-baggers when they was down here," Ted took up the list, "an' did tricks to entertain folks, an' could keep time to a banjo with his tail, an'..."

"Whoa deah, Ted! I'll tell 'bout Ring, but I'll tell ya'll a tale y'ain't never heerd afo', 'bout yer uncle when he come over heah ter do some 'possum huntin' one night. Now dis heah's a true story what happened, 'cuz I wa' right deah.

"Hit wa' a cool night same as 'tis tonight, an' yo' Uncle James an' some o' his frien's wa' havin' a pine bark stew on de ribber bank 'round de ben' yander, an'..."

"Uncle Ben," interrupted Ted, "I always did wonder why they call it pine bark stew."

"Well, now, Ted, dat's another story, but I'll tell y'all dis much 'bout hit: Folks dat wa' a-campin' 'long de Santee Ribber a-wuckin' in de pine woods made stew from de fish dey cotched ter feed all de men, an' et hit f'om pine bark bowls dey had cyarved, an' tha's how hit come ter be called pine bark stew. It's mighty good vittles, too.

"Now yo' uncle an' dese frien's o' his'n had had a stew dat night an' afterwards dey 'cided ter go 'possum huntin'.

"Dey come up heah, knowin' we had 'bout de bes' bunch o' houn's in de county, but yo' pa an' some neighbor frien's had done tuck de houn's out, an' dey wa' a-huntin' away by de time yo' uncle an' his frien's rid up.

"I wa' out yander a-stackin' up de wood by de lean-to when dey come an' axed me ter take 'em out huntin'. I tol' 'em yo' pa tuck de houn's out, an' dey looked down-right cres'fallen.

"Den I 'membered 'bout ol' Ring. He wa' awful ol' by den, an' he had de rheumatiz so bad he couldn't walk, 'cept on bright sunny days, an' den he limped. But ol' Ring, he loved ter hunt, an' hit jes' broke mah heart ter see him lef' behin' an' lookin' so sad when de other houn's wa' all 'cited an' 'cited an' yappin' an' gittin' ready ter take off huntin'.

"So I jes' tol' dem men ter hol' up a minute an' I'd see as we'uns had dis heah hunt anyhow."

"Unca Ben, y' can't ha' no hunt 'ness Wing could walk. E'en lil' Billy knows dat."

"Now you wait jes' a minute, Billy, an' I'll tell y'all how we had a hunt wi' Ring an' he couldn't walk.

"I went out ter de shed an' tuck de wheelbarrer wif some gunny sacks in hit over ter whar ol' Ring wa' a-restin', an' I put dat deah houn' dawg in de barrer an' started a-wheelin' 'im t'rough de woods wi' yer Uncle James right behin' me a-holdin' his lantern so' ter light de way.

"Fust t'ing I knowed, dat deah houn' wa' a-howlin' like mad, an' a-turnin' his haid ter de right, a-bobbin' hit up an' down. I turned de wheelbarrer like he showed, an' he kep' up his yappin' an' p'intin'. I ain't gon' mo'd'n 'bout two yahds 'fo' I seen dis heah 'possum a-hangin' in a tree.

"Well, now, yo' uncle, he doan 'lieve his eyes, an' he say hit jes' hain't poss'ble no-how. An' his frien's, dey wa' a-laffin' an' jokin' 'bout dis heah houn' a-treein' a 'possum from a wheelbarrer.

"We went on t'rough de woods a-wheelin' dat dawg an' a-watchin' him an' a-followin' his signs 'til we had cotched eight 'possums, an' we hain't been a-huntin' mo'd'n 'bout two hours.

"We started back ter de house an' could heer de yappin' o' de other dawgs t'rough de woods.

"We wheeled ol' Ring up an' made him comfy on de back po'ch wid a few bits o' ham hock, an' yo' uncle an' his frien's, dey come in ter de kitchen ter wahm up.

"I hadn't mo'd'n wahmed up de coffee an' biscuits, an' tuck out de ham fo' yo' pa an' his pahty come a-stompin' in.

" 'Well, we treed foah 'possums, Ben,' he said ter me. 'You should'uv gone wid us.'

"I jes' looked at yo' uncle, an' he wa' a-laffin' fit ter kill. He tol' yo' pa 'bout our lil' 'scursion, but I doan t'ink yo' pa evah did b'lieve 'im."

"Oh, Uncle Ben!" Carol Sue exclaimed, "You know ol' Ring couldn't really tree 'possums from a wheelbarrow, could he?"

"Ess could iffen Unca Ben say so, can't 'e, Ted?"

"I don't know, Billy, but I 'spec' Ring's a right good houn'!"

"Sho' nuff, he am dat! Now y'all git yersel's up ter baid afo' yo ma comes an' tells Unca Ben he can't tell yer no mo' stories aftah supper." Hannah gave the

children a shove with her apron.

"O. K., Hannah, we're goin'..."

"G'night, Unca Ben! 'Night Hannah!"

And the children scampered off to dream the pleasant dreams that fill the heads of good little girls and boys who have black anties and uncles and folks who own smart 'possum dogs.

Paul Overton's Recipe for Pine Bark Stew
(referred to in the preceding tale)

One-half lb. fatback, sliced; 3 lbs. onions, cut in small pieces. Fry the fatback and to the grease add the cut-up onions, cooking until brown. To this mixture add 2 large cans of tomatoes, one bottle of tomato ketchup and 1/2 bottle of Worcestershire sauce. Bring to a boil, and then add the fish in serving portions. Next add 1 can of pimentos and 1 stick of margarine, and season to taste. Cook about 25 minutes. Serve over rice. (Serves six.)

A SAMPLING OF FOLKLORE FROM RUTHERFORD COUNTY

NORTH CAROLINA

By John Walker

[John Walker, of Rutherfordton, was born and reared in Rutherford County, which is in the mountains of North Carolina. There his people have lived for several generations. A junior in the University of North Carolina, with a major in anthropology, Mr. Walker was a member of the Folklore 185 class in the Fall Semester of 1954-55, and offered the following paper in that course. He drew the illustration for Manly Wade Wellman's story, "A Job of Work," which appeared in Volume III, No. 1, of North Carolina Folklore.]

Introduction

Having decided to write a paper on superstitions concerning the artificial insemination of cattle, I went to farmers and agricultural workers for information. These people were a great aid in obtaining superstitions dealing with the subject, and most of them also gave me superstitions dealing with other subjects. Some of these seemed too interesting to discard; therefore a general collection of superstitions was started.

When I asked family and neighbors to add to this collection, they responded by giving me a large and varied group of superstitions and stories. The scope of the collection was again enlarged.

It includes superstitions, descriptions of the practice of folk medicine, a modern account of the practice of witchcraft, a group of Negro words and expressions, a ghost tale, a family anecdote, and a Christmas story for children.

Divination of Future Events

1. If you see a grey horse you are going to see a redheaded woman.
2. If a yellow "news" bee buzzes around you, you will hear good news; if the bee is black, you will hear of a death.
3. When your dog howls at night you will hear bad news.
4. If you see a red bird you will see your sweetheart that day.
5. If your right hand itches you are going to shake hands with a stranger, but if your left hand itches you will handle money.
6. If a bird comes into the house a member of the household will die.
7. If a new door is cut in the house there will be a death in the family.
8. If a child is born with "a veil on" (a membrane covering the head) he will be able to see ghosts and to foretell the future.
9. An ugly baby will make a handsome adult; the reverse is also true.
10. If you drop a dish cloth someone is coming.
11. Dropping a fork while eating indicates that you will have company.
12. If your nose itches someone is coming. (This belief has been put into rhyme as:

    My nose itches;
    I smell peaches.
    Yonder comes a nigger
    With a hole in his breeches.)
13. When your right eye itches you will be angry; when your left eye itches you will be pleased.
14. If the first mourning dove heard is before you, your troubles are ahead; if it is behind you, they are over.
15. A garment turned up at the bottom indicates that there is a letter in the post office for you.

16. If a pregnant woman has any part in making kraut, the kraut will spoil.
17. If you carry a shovel through the house your grave will be dug with it.
18. A dream told before breakfast will come true.
19. If you wish on the first star seen in the evening, the wish will come true. (A part of the ritual is this rhyme:

Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may,
I wish I might
Have the wish I make tonight.)

20. Giving a knife will cut your love in two.
21. If the first word of a baby is Da-Da, the next child will be a boy, but if it is Ma-Ma, the next will be a girl.
22. No good can come from any business discussed on Sunday.
23. A person whose feet have been swept under will never marry.
24. Sweeping trash out of doors after dark sweeps your riches away.

Divination of Future Mates

1. When you hear the first whippoorwill of the year, lie down and roll over three times; look in the heel of your right stocking, and you will find a hair of the color of the person you will marry.
2. After sighting the first blue bird of the year, walk backward, toe against heel, for nine steps; spin around on your heel and look in the print; there you will find a hair like that of your future mate.
3. Pare an apple leaving the peel in a long strip; swing the peel around your head three times and toss it over your shoulder; it will form the first letter of the name of the person that you will marry.
4. Eat an apple and count the seeds, saying for the first seed, "He loves me"; second, "A little"; third, "Not much"; fourth, "He'd marry me"; fifth, "If he could"; sixth, "But he can't." With the seventh seed start over.
5. Count the buttons on your clothing, saying for the first button, "Rich man"; second, "Poor man"; third, "Beggar man"; fourth, "Thief"; fifth, "Doctor"; sixth, "Lawyer"; seventh, "Indian chief." Begin again with the eight. (Another version of this runs: "Rich man, poor man .... lawyer, Indian chief, tinker, tailor, soldier-boy, sailor." Then it begins again.)

Omens and Charms for a Prosperous Year

1. No dirt must be swept from a house, and no trash carried out, between New and Old Christmas, or there will be no gain during the coming year. (I was told of a family who kept the trash, which accumulated during this time, under a sheepskin in the living room.
2. Black-eyed peas and hog jowl must be served for dinner on New Year's Day, or the family will not prosper during the coming year.
3. For New Year's Day dinner, to insure financial success, you must serve "cabbage for greenbacks and black-eyed peas for change."
4. Success in growing poultry is certain if the first guest of the year is a man; if the first visitor is a woman, the opposite is true. (I heard of an old lady who always invited her Negro tenant to eat New Year's Day breakfast in her home for this reason.)
5. If you kill the first snake you see in the year, you will overcome your enemies; if it escapes, they will get the better of you.

Good and Ill

1. It is bad luck to open an umbrella in the house.
2. Unless it is your birthstone, it is unlucky to wear an opal.

3. A black cat crossing your path is unlucky unless you turn your hat inside out.
4. If you put on a garment with the wrong side out, it is bad luck to change it; but it is good luck if you wear it all day.
5. Thirteen is unlucky. Friday, when it falls on the thirteenth, is especially unlucky.
6. A continued bad run of cards may be broken by walking around your chair.
7. It is good luck to find a pin with the point toward you.
8. Finding a four-leaf clover is lucky, but finding a five-leaf clover is very unlucky.
9. Bad luck is certain if you walk under a ladder.
10. Breaking a mirror is seven years' bad luck.
11. Each step made with one shoe off and one shoe on is a year's bad luck.
12. Blue birds nesting near a house are lucky omens.
13. If a rabbit crosses in front of you from right to left, you will have bad luck; crossing from left to right indicates good luck.
14. Finding a horse shoe is lucky, but finding a mule shoe is very unlucky.
15. When a lucky horse shoe is nailed up, the open part must be up, or all the luck will run out.
16. Three on a match is unlucky.
17. Carrying an axe into the house is bad luck if it is on your shoulder.
18. Spilling salt is bad luck unless you spit in it; it is then good luck.
19. It is unlucky to turn back after beginning a journey unless you make a cross in the dirt at the spot where you turn.
20. If you mention the ill luck of someone else, it will become yours unless you cross your fingers while speaking of it.
21. If you enter through a door you must leave through that door, or you will have bad luck.

Animal and Insect Lore

1. "Cow sucker" snakes suck cows.
2. Throw a horsehair into water, and it will turn into a snake.
3. Snakes are attracted to children and will not harm them.
4. If a cat has a kitten with markings like that of the cat, the cat is going to die soon.
5. A dog goes mad from heat.
6. A dog attracts lightning and should not be allowed in the house during electrical storms.
7. If there is a death in the family, some of the near relatives must tell the bees, or there will be no honey that year.
8. Burning flints in a fireplace will keep the hawks away. (This practice is said to work because the flints when heated give off the odor of gunpowder.)
9. Clip the hair from the end of a dog's tail; bury the hair under your door-step, and the dog will stay with you.
10. Cats will not live in a place where catnip will not grow.

Other superstitions concerning animals and insects are listed under the following categories:

Superstitions Dealing With Artificial Insemination of Cattle (all)
Superstitions of a Medical Nature (numbers: 1, 9, 11, 13, 17, 21)
Superstitions Regarding Luck (numbers: 3, 12, 13, 14, 15)
Superstitions Predicting Future Events (numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 14)
Superstitions About the Identity of Future Mates (numbers: 1, 2)
Superstitions Concerning Weather (numbers: 3, 5)

Weather Lore

1. A camphor bottle will become cloudy or milky whenever rain is coming.
2. Dampness of rocks around a spring or stream indicates rainy weather.
3. When ants carry sand to block the opening of the ant hill, it is going to rain. (This belief is said to be Indian in origin.)
4. A ring around the moon signifies rain; the number of stars within the ring indicates the number of days before the beginning of the rain.
5. In dry weather a moccasin snake hung from a tree will bring rain; the rain will continue until the moccasin is taken down.
6. If rain drops are large, the rain will be of short duration; if they are small, of great duration.
7. Three frosts - then a rain.
8. Red clouds in the morning indicate the approach of bad weather; red clouds in the evening, good weather. (This belief has been put in verse as:

   Red in the morning,
   Sailors take warning.
   Red at night,
   Shepherds' delight.)
9. The twelve days from New to Old Christmas are ruling days for the weather of the following year - each day represents a month.

Leechdoms

1. A dirt dauber's nest dissolved in vinegar and applied to a sprain will effect a cure.
2. A buckeye carried in the pocket will prevent rheumatism.
3. Washing in "stump water" (water standing in a hollow stump) will remove freckles.
4. To remove freckles, wash in dew collected in a wheat field on the first morning in May before speaking to anyone.
5. Tooth pulling will not have bad after-effects if the sign is in the foot.
6. If someone sneezes, say, "God bless you," and you will not catch the cold.
7. Three strands of greased woolen thread wrapped around the throat will cure a cold.
8. A small bag of asafetida worn on a string around the neck wards off colds.
9. To cure tonsilitis, rub a live toad on the throat of the patient.
10. A syrup of red oak bark and salt will cure tonsilitis.
11. Sheep manure tea causes measles to break out.
12. When a small child has hives, he may be cured by being scarified and then drinking a potion made of his blood and his mother's milk.
13. To cure mumps, rub the marrow from a hog jaw on the throat of the patient.
14. The sex of an unborn infant may be predicted by the position in which the mother carries the fetus - high for a boy, low for a girl.
15. If the first child dies, the second will be healthy if named Adam or Eve.
16. A person born after the death of his father can "take out the fire" by blowing on the burn.
17. Rubbing a baby's gums with the marrow from a ham bone will make teething easy.
18. If the moon shines on the face of a sleeping child, the child will be sickly.
19. To stop bed wetting, feed the child a powder made from red sumac berries.
20. To rid yourself of a wart, pick the wart with a new pin, and hide the pin under the doorstep; the first person to enter through the door will have the wart appear on him.
21. To remove a wart, rub the wart with a freshly-cut potato, and feed the potato to a cow; in nine days the wart will vanish.
22. Warts may be removed by looking at the moon on Good Friday.

23. Wearing gold earrings in punctured ears strengthens the eyes.
24. If mistletoe, untouched by human hands and not allowed to touch the ground, is made into a tea and given to an epileptic, it will cure him. (See the following story.)

Mistletoe, A Cure for Epilepsy [1]

In response to a letter asking for unusual superstitions of a medical nature, I received a long letter from my mother, Mary Stallings Walker. This letter told of the belief that mistletoe is a cure for epilepsy, and related an incident in which this cure was attempted. Part of the letter is given below; the material in parentheses is added for clarity.

If mistletoe, untouched by human hands and not allowed to touch the ground, is made into a tea and given to a person with "fits," it will cure the patient.

I saw this tried when I was a little girl, maybe eight years old (1903). We, Mother and I, were visiting Uncle _____, (who lived in the Turkey Trot Mountain community, an isolated section of MacDowell County - until Scott-roads, this community was reached by a very rough road which often shared its bed with a small stream).

His daughter, Lillie, was the stepmother of an epileptic fourteen-year-old girl. Despite the efforts of several physicians and healers and the use of many patent medicines and home remedies, her condition steadily worsened. Having heard of the curative powers of mistletoe, the father of the epileptic girl came to Uncle's house and asked that they help him obtain some mistletoe.

Uncle shot the mistletoe from a large oak (From another letter, "I do not know that the shooting was essential, but I think it was"), while Bill, Pinkie (son and daughter), John, and I held the corners of the sheet in which the mistletoe was caught. The corners of the sheet were caught together, and it was carried to the house by Pinkie. The mistletoe was then carefully put into a pot of boiling water and cooked.

The resulting tea was given to the epileptic girl, but unfortunately it was not a cure, and she soon died.

The basis of this belief is readily seen in European folklore. Mistletoe, regarded as one of the most mysterious and sacred magical plants (especially oak mistletoe, which is rare in Europe), was dried and powdered and prescribed for epilepsy in medieval Europe. It was also thought to be the bestower of life and fertility, protection against poisons, an allheal, and an aphrodisiac.

The ritual use of the sheet was perhaps handed down from the time of the druids, who cut the mistletoe with a golden sickle and who caught it in a white cloth without allowing it to touch the ground. It is also quite probable that the use of the gun was a part of the ritual, for in some parts of Europe the people were unwilling to cut the holy plant, believing instead it should be knocked or shot down and caught as it falls. [2]

(The names used herein are actual and should not be used if any part of this account should be published.)

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1. Family names with-held.
2. Maria Leach, ed., Funk and Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary of Folklore, Mythology, and Legend, II, 731.

Scarification, a Cure for Hives in Small Children

When a small child has hives (a term used to describe any disease which causes the breaking-out of a rash), he may be cured by being scarified and then drinking a potion made of his blood and his mother's milk.

Mrs. H. C. Morris (of Forest City, North Carolina), who provided me with information concerning this treatment, said that scarification was widely used before 1900 and that a person who acted as scarifier (not a physician) dwelled in every community. However, since scarification was of the folk and no doubt varied greatly in method from place to place, I feel it should be made clear that the procedures described below were those of one especial community (Watkins, just north of Rutherfordton, North Carolina).

Whenever a baby or small child broke out with the hives, his parents would take the child to the home of the scarifier, a bearded man of late middle age, who was highly respected in the neighborhood. The scarifier would place the child on a paper-covered table and get out the instruments used in scarification - a well-honed straight razor, used only for this purpose, and a "cupping horn" (the cupping horn was a smooth calf horn from which the tip has been removed). The child would be turned onto his stomach, and two people, usually the parents, would hold him in position while the scarifier made numerous small incisions with the razor in a small area of the child's back. He would then put the tip of the "cupping horn" to his lips and suck blood from these small cuts. A small amount of this blood was mixed with an equal amount of the child's mother's milk and given to the child.

Superstitions Regarding Artificial Insemination of Cattle

Artificial insemination of domestic animals, used by the Arabians before the birth of Christ,[1] is relatively new in the United States. It was introduced in New Jersey in 1938[2] and has spread rapidly throughout the country. Artificial insemination of cattle is now a very important phase of animal husbandry.[3]

In North Carolina the first association of artificial breeders was formed in Forsyth County in 1946. Several associations were organized in 1947, and in 1948 artificial insemination was begun in Rutherford County.[4]

As with anything new and unknown, artificial insemination was widely discussed and questioned. Lacking adequate scientific information, the folk generally accepted rumor as truth and formulated an elaborate body of beliefs concerning insemination. However, as the people became more familiar with the process and acquired more knowledge of it, these beliefs and superstitions were almost forgotten, and it is seldom that they are now expressed.

The collection of superstitions which follows was, for the most part, not intentionally gathered; it represents beliefs heard and remembered over a period of years. After deciding to compile a list of these superstitions, I asked and received the aid of F. E. Patton, County Agent of Rutherford County; W. G. Toomey, Assistant County Agent; and B. Goode, inseminator.

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1. Artificial insemination was used by the Arabians in the breeding of horses.

2. E. J. Perry of New Jersey State College of Agriculture brought the process of insemination from Denmark.

3. Less than 8,000 cows were bred artificially in 1939; over 5,000,000, in 1953.

4. Forty-eight people joined in 1948; there are now almost five hundred and fifty.

I. Early arguments against artificial insemination of cattle.
   A. Artificial insemination is contrary to the teachings of the Bible.
   B. Artificial insemination is against nature.

II. Beliefs dealing with semen.
   A. It is possible to separate semen into two types, one which will produce heifers and one which will produce bulls.
   B. The fee charged for the insemination differs with the type of semen used, the price of the "heifer-type" being higher than that of the "bull-type."

III. Superstitions regarding physical changes in cows bred by artificial insemination.
   A. After once breeding a cow by artificial insemination, it is necessary to continue to breed her by that method.
   B. Cows bred by artificial insemination will be difficult to breed.
   C. Artificially bred cattle will become sterile.
   D. Cows which have been inseminated artificially do not "clean" properly; that is they retain the placenta.

IV. Unusual physical characteristics of calves resulting from artificial insemination.
   A. Calves born to artificially bred cattle will be more likely to be deformed than other calves.
   B. There is a greater number of twin calves born to cows which have been inseminated artificially.
   C. Calves born to artificially inseminated cows will be sterile.
   D. Cattle resulting from artificial insemination cannot be bred except by artificial insemination.
   E. A large proportion of calves born to artificially inseminated cattle have an excess number of teats.
   F. Calves that result from artificial insemination do not make good veal; the meat is slick and soft.
   G. Calves born to artificially bred cows may revert to another breed.
   H. Physical weakness and susceptibility to disease are more prevalent in calves produced by artificial insemination.

V. Abnormal temperament found in calves resulting from artificial insemination.
   A. Calves born to cows bred by artificial insemination will suck themselves.
   B. A calf produced by artificial insemination will suck other cows even after maturity.
   C. Calves born to artificially bred cows will not stay in the pasture.

Three Bottles:

An Illustration of Witchcraft in North Carolina

The following incident concerns the "Friday Negroes."[1] It took place in 1953.

Eve (Becky's daughter) had taken good care of a heifer given her children by her stepbrother, Norman, who lived with her family; but when the heifer "came in" (had a calf) Norman sold her. This transaction caused quite a great deal of bad feeling, and Norman was forced to move. However, after a few weeks he began visiting the family almost every day. All seemed to have been forgiven and forgotten.

Suddenly Eve became ill and was often unable to get out of bed. Being wise in the ways of "conjure spells," she and her family knew that she was the victim of witchcraft.

Luckily, they knew of a "witch-woman" near Tryon, and they went to her to have the spell removed. Only Eve was allowed to enter the house. The "witch-woman," a small, wrinkled old Negress, took her into a dark room which was lit only by a fire in a large fireplace.

After listening to Eve's story, the old woman gave her some dried herbs to sleep on and filled three bottles with a liquid taken from a pot over the fire. "Take these three bottles," she said; "put them on your mantel, and the person who had the spell put on you will be drawn to your house. This person will go directly to the bottles and ask about them"

Norman came the next day, went directly to the bottles, and asked about them. Eve's entire family attacked him and beat him badly. Though he protested that he was innocent, the whole family is still certain that he had the "spell" put on Eve.

"Tee-Toncey" and Other Negroisms

The two following incidents illustrate the influence of Negro terminology on the Southern white.

The jeep skidded on the ice and came precariously near the road's edge, also the edge of the cliff, before the driver regained control. "Damn, Smitty," I breathed, "a toncey bit more and we'd have been in the Bay." Smitty glanced at me, an eyebrow raised inquisitively. It took me a moment to realize what I had said. "A Negro word," I explained. "It means small - toncey, tee-toncey. My Negro mammy used the term."

This is true. Becky, my mammy, did use the word, and it is still used by all the "Friday Negroes" (a local term which is used to designate a Negro family descended from a mulatto who had been whimsically named Friday by his master). However, it was introduced by Aunt Adeline, the matriarch of the Friday family. So often did she speak of a very small baby as a "tee-toncey" thing that he became known as "Tonce" (nearing thirty, he is still "Tonce"). She was also responsible for the names of "Little Bit" ("little bit of a thing") and Tabby ("just like a little tabby cat"), and for the phrase "as bar'foot as a barney" (it is not clear whether this referred to a bunny or an Irishman).

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1. The "Friday Negroes," a large family of Negroes which has worked for my family for three generations, are a matriarchal group. During the time I can remember, the women "bossin'" them have been: Aunt Adeline, who worked for my grandmother; Becky, who was my Negro mammy; and Eve, who is now employed by my mother.

While Ruth Cravath was working on a bas-relief in the stone-yard outside her studio - I was sitting in the sun watching, talking - a wasp lit in her hair. "Be absolutely still," I commanded; "there's a wasper on you. I'll get it off." If flipped the wasp away; then she began laughing. "Wasper?" she asked.

"Wasper" - Becky said "wasper" and "to reckly while" and spoke of "valentine (volunteer, not planted) tomatoes." She described her sister's crowded home as being like "the Raft of God" (Noah's Ark). "Blackberry winter" was her term for cold weather in late spring. And she carefully taught me to recite rapidly:

"Pic dat babee up;
Poot on e clothes;
Spank e butt an sit e down;
Feed e gits an gatuh tail -
Save de oldes daughtuh some.
You heahs me?"

(Pick that baby up; put on his clothes; spank his buttocks and set him down; feed him grits and 'gator tail - save the oldest daughter some. You hear me?)
This, she said, was taught her by her father, who heard it among the Gullahs of Georgia.

The Dream that Hanged a Man

The story of the man who was hanged by a dream is widely known in Mac-Dowell County and the surrounding area. I have heard it from many people in as many variants, and I have read the story in yet another form.

In writing the story, I have closely followed the version which is told by my mother, Mary Stallings Walker, who as a small child met Reid Quinn.

While Reid Quinn was sleeping, the vision of a girl clothed in black, her head hanging grotesquely against her chest, awakened him. Startled, he sat up in bed. The familiarity of the room, lit somewhat by moonlight, soothed him, and, having muttered something about moon-madness, he slept again.

But not for long - the apparition returned. "Mr. Quinn, Mr. Quinn," the girl pleaded, "you must stop them! I've been murdered. He is going to get away with it." Quinn sprang from his bed and began dressing. He felt he knew the girl, that he must help her; yet he had not recognized her. As his thoughts became more organized, he tried to laugh at himself - an educated man, a schoolteacher, a person who had fought the superstition of the mountain folk - and found he could not. He filled his pipe and smoked almost an hour before he returned to bed. He was still badly shaken, and it took him some time to sleep.

For the third time the girl appeared. Her hands braced her head to keep it erect, and Quinn immediately recognized her as Kathy Richards, who had been a pupil of his during the years he had taught in Yancey County. Her eyes had a look of urgency as she implored him to hurry. "Mr. Quinn," she said, "I beg you, sir; you must hurry. My husband killed me; he broke my neck; and I shall be buried soon. No one will ever know I was murdered if you don't stop them. You must go. Tell them to look on my back, and there they'll see the prints of his knees made when he held me down while twisting my head." Quinn dressed hurriedly and, after a confused explanation to the people with whom he boarded, caught his mare, and rode off in the darkness.

It was mid-morning when he arrived at the home of the girl's parents. No one was at home. A neighbor explained: "They're burying Kathy. Fever. Don't

reckon that they'll even open the casket - dangerous, the fever." After a few questions Quinn learned that Kathy had married a man named George Feller, who lived in MacDowell County about ten miles away. Quinn hurried on.

He found the house with little trouble, but it, too, was deserted except for an old Negress who shuffled out from the kitchen to see what had disturbed the dogs. She told him that the funeral party had left for the church and that she did not think he could overtake them.

Quinn pushed his weary horse as much as possible, and in sight of the church he overtook the procession of buggies and wagons led by a cart carrying the casket.

After hearing his story, the men carried the coffin into a nearby house in spite of the husband's violent protests. Upon opening the coffin, they saw that the girl's neck had been broken, and the prints were on her back as she had said.

George Feller was the last man hanged in MacDowell County, cursing to the end the man who had exposed the murder.

(With the exception of "Richards," all of the names used in this story are factual.)

How Nance [redacted] Bought Her Horse

A favorite family anecdote concerns the answer given my grandmother (Sarah Bates Stallings) when she, as a young girl, asked a lady of little virtue how her horse was acquired.

The influx of Northerners into western North Carolina after the Civil War included many shrewd businessmen. Some of these were engaged in lumber production in MacDowell and Rutherford Counties. Because labor was plentiful and cheap, money was easily made by those with a small amount of capital to invest.

However, these men were not accepted by the more prominent families of the area, and their social life left much to be desired. A few of the women of the lower class profited from this state of affairs. Among these was a buxomly beautiful black-tressed girl named Nance (Nancy)[redacted].

Nance bore a child which was fathered by one of the Northerners, a lumber-plant owner and a married man. With the baby in her arms, she regularly attended church and carefully sat just in front of this man and his wife. It was known in the neighborhood who the father of the baby was, and the situation became unbearable for the couple. They willingly paid Nance a large sum of money to allow them to adopt the child. (After the money had been paid, the lumberman's wife went to Nance's house, dressed the baby in new clothing, and took him away. At that time, the dressing of a child in new clothing provided by the foster parent was considered legal adoption.)

Among Nance's many purchases with this money was a handsome black saddle horse. When asked by a young girl how she bought the horse, Nance replied: "____ bought it. ____ paid for it. ____ rode it. And if you want any more ____, you can kiss my ____."

(Nance [redacted] was an actual person; in fact, she died within my lifetime - a dirty, wrinkled old crone who lived alone in a shack and begged to acquire food. At present one of her nephews is the head of a wealthy and respected family. His wealth was acquired in the production of lumber.)

Susie

(A Christmas Story)

The following story was told me by my mother, who learned it from her mother. It is thought to have been in the family at least two generations prior to that.

Susie lived in the big house on the hill overlooking the village. See, ther it is. (Make a dot to represent the house.) It was the day before Christmas, and Susie was very busy wrapping presents for her young friends. "Are there no children in the village that may be forgotten on Christmas?" her mother asked. Susie thought of this question for several minutes. She then picked four presents which she put on her sled and left the house. As she went, the sled left two lines behind in the snow.

First, she took a book to lame Timmy, who lived at the foot of the hill. (Make a dot to represent Timmy's home, and two lines to represent those left by the sled.)

Next, she went across the village to give a doll to Meg, whose father had recently died. (Make a dot to represent Meg's home, and lines to represent the sled's tracks.)

From there, she went to the home of Julie, the daughter of the laundress, who got only very practical presents. To Julie, she gave the tiny china tea set she had intended for Helen, her friend who had everything.

Last, she took a large bag of fruit and nuts to Mrs. Jones, who was old and alone.

Susie was tired, but happy, as she made her way home. Just as she reached her door, she looked up in the evening sky. And there was the Star of Bethlehem.

HIDDEN TREASURES OF THE BLUE RIDGE

By S. S. Brown

[A native of Watauga County, North Carolina, now living in Titusville, Florida, S. S. Brown contributed "Morris Games and Fox and Geese" to Volume III, No. 1, of this journal. The headnote to that article contains further biographical particulars. In his letter transmitting the following legends about hidden treasure, Mr. Brown states that he has about one hundred stories of the sort, collected and written up to form a book. He adds: "My entire schooling amounts to less than eight months all told. The balance of my education is self-inflicted." Long a teacher of composition, the Editor could wish that high school graduates, college juniors and seniors, even some graduate students whom he has taught might command a narrative style so clear and, with the exception of a few mechanical and grammatical errors which could be readily avoided through a few weeks of intensive study, so correct.]

The Old Miser's Pot of Gold

On an old farm located on the side of a mountain in the backwoods not far from the North Carolina-Tennessee state line, a man plowed up an old pot containing over $500 in gold and silver coins. This event caused considerable excitement at the time, and there were many guesses as to when and by whom it was hidden. However, the mystery was cleared up by an old man who was an official in the bank at Elizabethton. An account of the finding of the pot of coins was published in the local paper. The following is in substance the story as published in the paper:

It appears that this old farm was at one time owned by an old man who lived on it all alone. He was known to have quite a sum of money; so his friends cautioned him about being alone with so much money in the house. They told him that he might be murdered for his money. Being prevailed upon so often by his friends, he finally decided to put it in a bank for safe keeping.

So he took the money to the bank and informed the officials that he had some money that he wanted them to take care of for him. The cashier counted the money, which was all in gold and silver coins, and as he counted it he placed the coins in little stacks near his window, and gave the old man a receipt for it.

The old man, being ignorant of the workings of a bank, continued to watch his money in the little piles where the cashier had put it,

As time passed and no effort, it seemed to him, had been made to put his money in some safe place, as he had requested the bank to do, he became restless and uneasy.

About this time a customer came in and presented a check to be cashed. The cashier took the check, looked it over, and immediately began to count off the necessary cash from the old man's pile of coins. This action was the last straw for the worried old man. He could stand this foolishness no longer; using his money to cash checks, when he had asked them to put it in a safe place. So he promptly walked up to the cashier and demanded his money. He carried it back to his old home on the side of the mountain and buried it. There it was plowed up some fifty-odd years after his death.

The Crazy Prospector

This is the story of an old prospector who roamed the hills of Western North Carolina many years ago. It seems that he always had his pockets full of rocks and ores which he delighted in showing to his friends. On one of his trips to Boone he showed some of his samples of ores to a lawyer with whom he was acquainted and asked him to send them to an assayer and have them assayed in order to ascertain the value. The lawyer happened to think of an assayer with whom he was acquainted; so he sent them to him.

For some reason the lawyer did not hear from the assayer. Possibly the ore was of no value; so the lawyer forgot all about the matter.

In the meantime this assayer had hired a new assistant. The new assistant in cleaning up the place found the little bag of ore the lawyer had sent, where it had lain unnoticed for months. The ore must have looked somewhat promising; so he took it upon himself to assay it. When thru with the process he found the ore very rich. Its gold content he estimated to be $2,000 or more per ton of ore.

On finding the ore so rich, he immediately looked up the address of the lawyer who had sent the ore, and started at once for this point.

When he reached his destination he hunted up the lawyer and stated his business. The lawyer could not tell him anything in regard to the whereabouts of the old prospector.

After searching all over the territory in which the old prospector was supposed to have lived, they finally found that he had gone insane and was in the State Hospital for the Insane at Morganton. As soon as possible, they made a trip to the hospital and inquired about the old man. The doctor in charge informed them of the hopeless condition of the old man, and stated that in his opinion the patient would never have another sane moment in which he could be questioned in regard to the matter.

Disappointed, the two men returned to their respective homes. Soon afterward it was reported that the old man had died, and with his death the secret of the rich gold ore passed into oblivion.

Gold Nuggets of the Valley

From the earliest times in the history of North Carolina gold nuggets and other traces of gold have been found in various places and at various times. Quite a number of holes and shafts still exist and stand as mute evidence of efforts spent in the search of this coveted metal--gold.

The finding of gold in such a large scope of territory along the Yadkin River and its tributaries would seem to indicate that somewhere up in the Blue Ridge there must exist a mother lode at the head of some of these streams, still hidden from the eye of man.

A good many years ago a very rich pocket of gold was found along one of these watercourses, altho it was never developed. The story of this find was told to me by an old lady who lived near my home when I was a boy. She was a former resident of North Carolina, and after spending many years in the far West, she returned to her native state, where she spent the balance of her life. The story as told to me follows:

According to her statement, she was a young woman about the beginning of the Civil War. She had one brother who seemed to be somewhat of a prospector. On his return from one of his prospecting trips, he told his sister that he had found a gold mine which he thought was very rich. But as the mine was located on land belonging to some other people and as they did not want the owners to get wise to it, they decided to make further investigations under cover of darkness. He told his sister to get ready, and he looked up a trusted

Negro manservant to go along with them. With the approach of darkness they loaded up their tools and started on their quest.

Arriving at the spot, the girl held the torch, the Negro did the digging, and the brother, who knew all about panning for gold, did the washing. The very first few pannings proved to be very rich in gold. Nuggets the size of wheat grains were plentiful, and flakes like wheat bran were numerous.

After satisfying themselves as to its richness, they carefully covered up the spot, and there took an oath never to reveal the location to a living soul as long as they lived.

The brother began immediately to make arrangements to acquire the property, but before he accomplished this he was conscripted into the Rebel Army, and had to leave at once for the war front.

Bidding his sister goodbye, he and the Negro servant left at once. But before leaving, he again charged his sister not to reveal the location of the mine to anyone, and promised that on his return from the war they would buy the property and share alike in the mine.

Years passed, the war ended, and the trusting sister had received no word from her brother. Nor was there any record of his being killed in action.

The sister was still hopeful that her brother would return, but as the years rolled by and news of either her brother or the Negro servant failed to turn up, she married, and she and her husband decided to go West. Very likely she had hoped that she might find her brother among some one of the gold diggings of the West.

After a long sojourn in the far West, her husband died and she returned to her native State, North Carolina; but she was still hopeful that her brother would return some day.

She was now getting old, but had plenty of "pep" and business ability. She said that she tried quite a number of times to buy the property on which the gold mine was located, but the party always refused to sell at any price. It is possible that the owners may have had some inkling that it was not for the farm alone that she was so persistent in her efforts to acquire the property.

When they refused to sell at any price, the old lady was determined that the owners would never be benefited by the gold mine. She absolutely refused to divulge its location to anyone, even her only son. She said that she had taken a solemn oath not to reveal the location to anyone and that she could not break her oath; and besides her brother might return some day.

However, there was one thing she made clear about the location of the Mine. She said it was located on a farm on one of the tributaries of the Yadkin River in Wilkes County.

A few years later she was taken with a sickness from which she never recovered, and with her death the secret of the gold nuggets of the valley passed into oblivion.

NOTE ON "AT HOME, MY LASSIE"

At the time he published Miss Andra Joy Hamilton's "At Home, My Lassie" (III, 1, p. 6), the Editor confessed his ill luck in spotting the song elsewhere.

He is grateful to Mr. Dan Patterson for citation of an earlier printing of it, accompanied by reference to a still earlier one: MacEdward Leach and Horace P. Beck, "Songs from Rappahannock Virginia," JAF, 63 (1952), 283, with reference to M. E. Henry, JAF, 45 (1932), 41. Leach and Beck's version, entitled "Home, Dearie, Home," consists of only one stanza, which differs in several particulars from Miss Hamilton's stanza 1.

SOME NORTH CAROLINA MOCK ORATIONS

By Gilbert Tweed

[Gilbert Tweed, of Asheville, North Carolina, graduated from the University of North Carolina in June 1955, with a major in English (including, besides Folklore 185 and Ballads and Folksongs, two undergraduate courses under the Editor). This Fall he enters the Duke University Medical School, with an ambition to be a neurologist. (A big, strong, rugged mountain boy, he has the stamina and the equanimity of temperament and the intellectual power to make a good doctor.) Mr. Tweed offered part of the following paper in Folklore 185.

[It is interesting to note that "A Dissertation upon the Name 'Ball'" is in part a good-natured and absurd satire on what we today call folklorists. (The writer refers to them as "learned antiquaries" or "antiquarians." The word folklore had been coined by W. J. Thoms, an early English folklorist, and first printed in The Athenaeum, an English journal in 1847. Of course North Carolinians had not heard of it in 1851; but they knew folklore and folklorists. Also folk etymologists!]

An article entitled "Two Alabama Nonsense Orations," in Southern Folklore Quarterly, XVII, No. 3 (September 1953), which my professor of folklore read in part to his class, plus the stimulus of the professor, encouraged me to attempt this paper. From reading in the North Carolina Collection in the University Library, I set out to interview promising informants on the campus nominated to me by my professor, and to talk with fraternity mates and other students.

The following, "Obituary: Old Bald is Dead," I found in a pamphlet in the North Carolina Collection. Faded and stained, it comprises eight pages, and is without publisher's imprint and place and date of publication. Internal evidence, however, suggests that it was printed in 1851 or thereabout, possibly at Taylorsville. Allusion to the New Orleans Delta, Porter's New York Spirit of the Times, and certain other newspapers and journals of the 1850's, my professor informs me, indicates that the pamphlet belongs to a literary genre, very popular in the 1830's-1860's, out of which sprang some of the best local-color humorous writing of the ante-bellum period. (He cites his Humor of the Old Deep South, New York: Macmillan, 1936, and Franklin J. Meine's Tall Tales from the Old South West, New York: Knopf, 1932, as sources of information and examples.)

Obituary:

Old Ball Is Dead!

Information having being telegraphed by the Asheville Messenger to the County Court in session at Taylorsville, of the death of a high Judicial functionary of the State, the Court forthwith adjourned, and a meeting of the members of the Bar was called, to pay a proper tribute of respect to the memory of the departed worthy: when on motion of Mr. J. C. Case, Henry Ejectment, Esq., was called to the Chair and John Doe and Richard Roe, appointed Sect's.

Upon taking the Chair, the Chairman addressed the crowded and deeply and sympathising auditory to the following effect: -

Brethren and Friends: - Old Ball is dead! This day, a Horse has fallen in Carolina!! His spirit has taken its flight to "that country from whose bourne no horse returns!" How great the misfortune! - how bitter our bereavement! "In the midst of life we are in death!" How important the lesson taught us by this important event, more particularly impressive to this community so

recently visited by the Small Pox, from which several small negroes have died, besides several white persons being ser iously marked. Shall we not all take warning from this visit of the King of Terrors, and be more careful of ourselves in future! I hope so. I expect so.

The Chairman then took his seat, overwhelmed with emotion. After the meeting had become sufficiently composed to transact business, on motion of A. Q. Slander, Esq., a committee was appointed to prepare and submit to the meeting appropriate resolutions. The committee was appointed by the Chairman, and after having retired for a few minutes, returned and submitted the following resolutions through their Chairman, A. C. Waste, Esq., which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the members of this Bar have learned with feelings of the profoundest regret, the premature demise of the late venerable and distinguished Theobald, vulgarly called Ball, near Statesville, on Saturday last whilst on his way to his circuit: and whereas, it is meet, and proper to commemorate that melancholy event, by an appropriate expression of our feelings and sympathies:

Resolved, therefore, That we deeply condole with the friends and relatives of the deceased, upon a catastrophe which has spread a dark and gloomy pall over their sensibilities, and wrapped our inmost souls in sack-cloth and ashes.

Resolved, That although Ball was charged with being subject to a disease, known among physicians by the name of Hydrophobia, which often filled his master's mind with nervous apprehensions, when approaching a stream of any size; nevertheless, when taken upon the whole, he was a horse of strong parts and deep penetration.

Resolved, That we have heretofore regarded Ball as an ornament to the Bench, in which station he had served his country for thirty years, with distinguished skill and ability. That we could but admire the manner in which he would exhibit his nonchalance to his master, whenever he had the presumptuous effrontery to strike him with the whip, in order to quicken his pace.

Resolved, That as a token of our high regard for the memory of the deceased, we wear a badge of black crape around the headstalls of our bridles for the space of 30 days.

Resolved, That our brethren of the Bar throughout the State, be requested to take similar steps to do justice to the memory of the distinguished deceased.

Resolved, That the Chairman select the most gifted in poetry among us, to prepare for publication, a suitable elegy, as a medium through which the exalted virtues of the deceased may be more effectually transmitted to posterity.

Resolved, That copies of the foregoing proceedings be transmitted to the master and other friends of the deceased, and that other copies be sent to the Baltimore Sun, New York Tribune, New Orleans Delta, Livingston's Law Magazine, and New York Spirit of the Times, for publication.

Resolved, That another copy be sent to Old Crappy, of Salisbury, the distinguished friend and intimate associate of the deceased.

The Chairman appointed A. C. Waste, Esq., to prepare the Poem.

HENRY EJECTMENT, Ch'mn.

John Doe
Secretaries
Richard Roe

Poem---By A. C. Waste, Esq.

Old Ball, he was a quadruped
Of credit and renown.
With solemn pace and stately mien
He went from town to town.

Old Ball fulfilled his destiny,
And pleased his master well;
Except as here excepted,
Which we are fain to tell.

Sometimes upon his onward course,
He'd make a sudden pause,
And strain and strain, as if he had
Some mighty pregnant cause.

Go on! old Ball, the Judge would say;
Stop! says Ball, a bit;
I'm full of corn and fodder too, and
I must have a s---.

The master's wrath rose higher yet;
He threatened castigation.
But Ball stood firmly on his rights,
Until a pissication.

Sometimes they came unto a stream,
That seemed a little flushed.
Woe, Ball! his master cried, but Ball
Headlong, and heedless rushed.

Nor would he turn again to shore,
But gently waded through,
Nor heeded threats, nor heeded prayers,
Nor all the Judge could do.

And when to a tavern once he came,
And there no corn was found,
Another tavern straight he sought,
Where horse-feed did abound.

And here he'd eat his belly full,
Which oft his sides did swell;
And thus he made the Judge believe,
That he was quite unwell.

But Ball, alas! no longer will
Deceive us--he is dead,
And carried his master's blessings
Upon his white-faced head.

The mean youths, when prone to fun,
Repress your idle prate;
Remember well Ball's solemn port,
And try to imitate.

Requiescat in pace, Anno Domini MDCCCLI

Inscriptio---By H. C. Blackletter

Obiut in vicino status villae,
Antiquius et venerabilus
Equus Theobaldus, alias
Dictus, Baldpricus.
Fuis, docilis, verus et rotundus
Flatulus et ventosus,
Gravis, tardus et certus
Pedibus.
MOVE CONTE SUPER CINERIBUS!!

A Dissertation upon the Name of "Ball"

(Dedicated to the Taylorsville Bar)

By Henry Crimson, Esq.

It is but too well known that the renowned individual whose name forms the subject of this essay, has retired to immortality. Intermingled with the widespread public expression of grief for an irreparable loss, and of sympathy and condolence with the bereaved relic of the deceased, which has been called forth by the solemn occasion of his demise, an interesting question has sprung up, as to what was the original and proper name of the deceased, in the progress of which has been brought to light a prolific fund of antiquarian lore.

A respectable portion of the learned antiquaries, who have engaged in this discussion, and whose opinions have been adopted by the Bar of Taylorsville, and are therefore entitled to much weight, contend that the true name of the deceased is "Theobald." In proof thereof, they allege that the distinguished and now disconsolate companion and coadjutor of his judicial labors, was heard so to designate the illustrious dead, previous to the commencement of their intimacy together, and almost immediately after the arrival of the deceased in his early youth from a foreign land, supposed by the ancient writers to have been Kentucky. The opposers of this opinion offer the following ingenious contradiction to this apparently well authenticated account. They say that he, with whose distinguished name that of the deceased is inseparably connected, was one whose words were heard with attention, and repeated with gravity; for from his lips were uttered the words of wisdom; that on the occasion referred to, after a long and thoughtful reverie, he spoke with great emphasis these words: "I will buy thee, Oh, Ball!" That these words being overheard, it was repeated from mouth to mouth, that the Judge had said, "I will buy The O Ball"; and that when shortly afterwards the Judge and the deceased accompanied each other away upon the commencement of their joint career of judicial glory, the rumor became current that the Judge had bought Theobald! But the advocates of the name Theobald allege in support of their views, that it was the invariable custom of the Judge, whenever he came into the vicinity of the deceased, to call aloud the name -- Theobald; whereupon the deceased would approach the Judge, and the Judge would pat the deceased upon the neck. The reply of their antagonists places this argument in a point of view bordering somewhat upon the ridiculous. They state that what, in consequence of the general rumor above set forth, was mistaken for the word Theoball, was in fact a call compounded of a whistle and the familiar "coap," preceding the enunciation of "Ball," which may be imperfectly represented thus: Whee oo coap Ball! And that afterwards, these sounds being transalphabetical, the word Theoball was retained for convenience, to bring the idea within the compass of articulation. The views of those who contend for the name Theoball, are designated as the Theobaldic Theory of the name of Ball.

We will next consider the Archibaldric Hypothesis of the name of Ball, the advocate of which contend that the true name of the deceased is Archibald. These persons found their belief upon an account given of the genealogy of the deceased, in which it is asserted that his dam was a mare of the Sir Archy strain, the old Sir Archy, and that his sire was a bald hornet stud, and, that his name was in like manner a cross of the two illustrious names which indicated his origin. They appeal, too, to the sound of the name Archibald, saying that there is something in the very sound that is majestic and stud-like. They assert farther, that individuals bearing the name of Archibald may be heard to exclaim, when excited, "I'm a horse"; while their admiring friends join the announcement: "He's a horse!" In reply to the objection made, that the deceased was not called Archibald, they say that the English language abounds in elliptical and abbreviated modes of expression, that when Ball is expressed Archy is understood, just as ass is clearly understood, as everyone may comprehend, when another individual is called Tom; thus making his real name Thomas. In refutation of the Archibaldric Hypothesis, it seems to be better established, as the better opinion, that the deceased was begot by a Gilflirt study, upon a mare of the ancient Scrub breed, and that his progenitors bore the name of Woodscolt. As for the remaining portion of the argument, but little reliance, I apprehend, is to be placed upon a process of reasoning which makes a horse of one man and an ass of another.

Another set of antiquarians contend for the name Baldricus. The advocates of this name rely mainly upon its antiquity, pointing in triumph to its Latin termination. But, on the other hand, the more thorough antiquarian virtuosi have established the fact that neither the prefix Bald nor the termination -ricus is to be found either in the hieroglyphic or antediluvian dialect, nor in that still more primitive dialect which their researches have proved beyond controversy to be the root of all languages, to wit: the Ancient Antipodic Dialect. They contend, therefore, that the name Baldricus is the mere after-birth of learning, as modern as a May frost, as jejune as a June shad, and altogether as stale, flat, and unprofitable as the next morning after a glorious spree.

There is still another set of philosophers who contend that the true name of the deceased is an ancient word, of which the word Baldricus is a corruption, and which they restore by inserting the letter p between the prefix, Bald, and the termination, -ricus, thus changing Baldricus into Balpricus. These men have the hardihood to refer to a physiological peculiarity of the deceased in support of their peculiar views. But the argument is so evidently embarrassing, that I deem it unnecessary to enter into an elaborate reply. Suffice it to say that nothing can be found to support their theory, either in the Military Cod(e), the civil cod(e), the ecclesiastical cod(e), the revised cod(e), the cod(e) of honor, or the private cod(e) of the deceased; after a critical postmortem dissection and analysis; and that their theory being, as it were, not founded upon stones, cannot stand.

There are many other names whose claims have been asserted and defended by their respective advocates, among which may be Snow-Ball and Eye-Ball, Skew-Ball and Pie-Ball; also Hannibald and Balldoff; which last name, however, it has been suggested, probably has its origin in an attempt to describe the condition of the deceased after his demise; his disconsolate relict having exclaimed upon that occasion, in tones of touching lamentation, "Alas! he is balled off!"

Others have urged, with a zeal which may justly be styled intemperate, the opinion that the true name of the deceases is Bald-face. They even go so far as to insinuate that his afflicted companion leans to the same view with themselves, and has sought some palliation for his grief, by cultivating a familiarity with a bald-face of a very different species.

There is another very numerous class of philosophers, who believe that the name of the deceased was simply Ball. They quote, in maintenance of their views, a very ancient poem, in which are described the many wonderful performances of a wonderful stud named Ball; and among other things, his manner of drinking from a wonderful fountain, or spring. They rely especially upon the following stanza:

> And when old Ball had got his fill,
> He hung down his head and dripped at the bill,
> And when old Ball wanted more,
> He raised up his head and pawed at the door.

This corresponds so perfectly with a well known peculiarity of the deceased, as to furnish them with an unanswerable argument. It is true that the fountain described in the poem, is said to be situated in marshy lowground, surrounded by long grass, and bordered with a soft and slippery margin; and the well known aversion of the deceased to the approach of water, especially in such situations, might seem at first view, to be in contradiction to their theory. But on a careful perusal of the poem, it will be found that on the occasion referred to, the horse Ball slipped in; thereupon consequences ensued which conquered in Ball every desire which induced him to approach the fountain, and which these theorists, who identify Ball with the deceased, allege were the foundation of all his subsequent peculiarities in this respect. The party in favor of the name Ball, urge also its simplicity in their support, saying with great truth, that when two theories have equal claims in other respects, the simpler should be adopted. It is equally true, that many philosophers, in attempting to simplify, make themselves much more simple than their subject. Yet it cannot be denied that the name of Ball has the merit of simplicity.

For myself, I must confess that I have a penchant for the name Ball, and that I believe the name of the dead horse under discussion, was neither more nor less than Ball: Ball, that was as precious as an eye-ball, as true as a cannon ball, and as fat as a butter ball -- Ball, that went as easy as dancing at a ball; simple Ball, unpretendingly beautiful in its simplicity, plain, democratic, republican old Ball. I shall urge in conclusion, a reason in favor of the name Ball, which I think wholly unanswerable. They called him Ball, and

> The reason why they called him so,
> Was -- 'case that was his name.

The following example of a mock oration I received from Professor Oscar J. Coffin of the Journalism Department. It is concerned with a speech by Angus McCaskill at the State Republican Convention of 1916. Many of the Republicans had got together to oust Carl Duncan, the big Republican boss at that time, and also collector of revenue. The following is the exact, brief, but to-the-point speech by McCaskill as quoted to me by Mr. Coffin:

Duncan and Simmons

"Who is this Carl Duncan? I'll tell you who Carl Duncan is. He's a better friend of Furnipole McLandel Simmons than he is of ary Republican in North Carolina. He barks louder on the back track than they do on the trail. Who is this Furnipole McLandel Simmons? I'll tell you who he is. He assassinated Spencer Blackburn, he driv Judge Adams crazy, and he makes me tard [tired]."

The next two examples I picked up from Mr. I. G. Greer of the School of Business Administration. The first is a weasel's funeral oration. For some

time a weasel had been killing the chickens in a certain community and was finally caught and killed by one of the farmers. One of the more vigorous weasel haters was so elated over the killing that he composed an oration for the weasel's funeral. Mr. Greer said he had heard it many times in Boone, N. C., and also pointed out the resemblance to the Bible story of Lazarus and the rich man, and also a ballad concerned with the same. Here it is in part:

Eulogy Upon A Dead Weasel

"Them innocent, pore helpless little chicks were supposed to the vicious disposition of that contemptible weasel, who preys on sech helpless chicks and other innocent little animals. The old hellión has finally done met his doom at the hands of an honest farmer, though and, suddenly, he has now realized, while the chicks are flitting in chicken glory, he's sizzling in hell because of the life he's lived."

The next is rather pointless. It is about how a certain man from a small town lost his life during a war and how, as the townspeople were mourning his death late in the afternoon at sunset, one of the townspeople happened to look up on a nearby hill and see the spectre of the deceased. Of course it was only an old tree stump which, in the light of the setting sun, appeared just like the dead man, even down to the buttons on his shirt. But it so enlarged the imagination of the townspeople that one of them, in wild emotion, climbed up on a box and in pulpit fashion delivered this short sermon:

Jim Allen's Ghost

"That's ol' Jim Allen's ghost! Glory be! He's returned from the dead and is here to haunt us for our wrong doin's. He has done fit for his country, been morally wounded, and returned again to see his beloved comrades living unrighteous lives. I don't know 'bout y'all, but I'se gwine up to see ol' Jim and repent."

[All who are reminded by Mr. Tweed's paper of similar gems in oral circulation or obscure print are invited to send the Editor copies. The mock oration is a true folklore genre, not unknown in the rest of the world, but once flourishing like the green bay tree in America.]

COLLEGE FOLKLORE AT CHAPEL HILL IN THE EARLY 1900's

By B. E. Washburn

[Benjamin Earl Washburn is a distinguished hygienist. Born December 29, 1885, in Rutherford County, where his parents and ancestors were people of distinction, he was educated in the common schools, took his B. A. (1906) and his M. A. (1909) at the University of North Carolina, then his M. D. (1911) at the University of Virginia. After fourteen months of general practice on South Mountain, about which he told delightfully in a paper to the North Carolina Folklore Society some years ago, he studied at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, and became field director in North Carolina for the Rockefeller Sanitary Commission; then regional director of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation in the West Indies, Central America, Colombia, Venezuela, and British Guiana. During World War II he was district health officer of the North Carolina Board of Health. Since then he has been secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Rutherford Hospital. He has held numerous offices in professional organizations. For the past few years, Dr. Washburn has been living in retirement at Rutherfordton, writing his reminiscences, which will appear this Fall as A Country Doctor (Stephens Press, Asheville). He and Mrs. Washburn are faithful members of the Folklore Society.]

Having read North Carolina Folklore, Volume II, No. 1, "from kiver to kiver," with delight, I find a special interest in W. F. Bryan's "A Modern Ballad." It brings back memories of Chapel Hill in 1902-06, when the student body numbered but few above 500.

Well do I remember the crowd at the post office waiting for the mail to be put into the boxes. The lobby was small, and at mail time was crowded. Freshmen were required to stand outside and wait. If they entered, they would be given "the bum's rush," and thrown out onto the sidewalk.

Of the songs sung at the post office, at Sampie Merritt's store, and at June Webb's grocery, as well as by groups sitting on the grass under the trees on the campus during the warm spring evenings, the most popular were "There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea" and "A Mother Was Chasing Her Boy 'Round the Room." These consisted of repetitions of the title words, sung with approprate variations.

I also recall two or three other stanzas of the mountaineer Smith's songs, mentioned in the Bryan article: "Some Folks Say a Nigger Won't Steal" and "Little David, Play Your Harp." The first stanza of the one ran:

> Some folks say a nigger won't steal,
> But I caught two in my cornfield.
> One had a shovel and the other had a hoe:
> If that ain't stealin' I don't know.

Many stanzas were added in the Fall of 1902 when the football team returned from Richmond, where they "beat" Virginia, 0-0, this being the first Carolina victory over the ancient rival in ten years.

On another occasion, a song popular at mass meetings ("pep rallies," I believe they are now called) before the Virginia game, sung to the tune of "The Merry Widow Waltz," I believe, went as follows:

> Carolina, Carolina, what's the score?
> Thirty-five or forty-five, or maybe more.
> We will play Virginia, we will win the game,
> We will add new glory to our great fame.

But when Virginia won by a large score, the song was changed to:

Carolina, Carolina, what's the score?
Thirty-five or forty-five, or maybe more.
We have played Virginia, we have lost the game,
We have played the merry hell with our great fame.

I trust that the present student body at Chapel Hill has more respect for the faculty than did that of fifty years ago. Witness the following, sung to the tune of "William Rufus Rastus Brown," a popular minstrel song of the period:

Horace [Williams] , Tommy [Hume] , Charlie Lee [Raper],
What you goin' to do when you grade me?
If you read my paper and give me a five,
I'll stand it off as sure as I'm alive.
All I want from you is a four;
I don't want to fool with your stuff any more.
Horace, Tommy, Charlie Lee,
What you goin' to do when you grade me?

A second disrespectful song regarding the faculty turned on a popular laxative of the period known as Cascarettes:

I went down to Eubanks' store to buy some cigarettes;
There I found all the professors eating Cascarettes:
First, they worked B. Wheeler, then they worked B. Cain;
They worked the whole damn' faculty, 'ceptin' Frank McLean.

Frank McLean was a teacher of English who was reputed to be a strict grader.

In those days, gullible freshmen were taken on snipe hunts down behind the "Stiff House" (where the Medical School kept its cadavers). They were also sent to call on Dr. Thomas Hume, a preacher and an ardent prohibitionist, to ask the good doctor for a quart of "Cream of Kentucky." It was explained to them that Dr. Hume had a fine Jersey cow named Kentucky. "Cream of Kentucky" was at the time the name of a popular brand of bourbon whiskey -- it may be still for all I know.

In an oft-told anecdote, Dr. Hume was discomfited by the students. A neat, precise man, dressed in a cutaway coat and wearing a "stovepipe" hat, he was a classroom martinet. He was vastly annoyed by the tobacco-chewing habits of several of his students. The boys would masticate huge chews of tobacco and spit out of the side windows, or surreptitiously on the classroom floor. Protests and appeals to their gentility proving vain, one day Dr. Hume, having caught a boy in the second row squirting "ambeer" under the seat in front of him, with a flourish picked up his top hat, set it down in front of the unrepentant offender, and said, "If you must chew tobacco and spit in this room, spit into my hat." All the boys within did, copiously.

On another occasion, he came out first, when he went into his classroom, sat down at his desk, opened his classbook, and looked over it to see a big, sprawling boy's feet on the desk in front of his face. Laying down the book, he touched the boy's toes daintily, and said, "Put 'em down so I can see your face." The boy did, sheepishly. "Put 'em back up," he drawled; "I don't like the looks of it." [Editor's note: The same anecdote was told of Dr. James F. Royster, professor of English and dean of the graduate school at the time of his death, in 1930.]

Two other stories clustering about Dr. Hume relate to quips given and taken. Dr. Hume's classroom was the northwest corner on the main floor of Alumni

Building. An additional room opened from this classroom, that could be entered only through Dr. Hume's room. One day a new student was studying in this room when Dr. Hume's Shakespeare class came in. After half an hour he tried to leave the room by the window, making a loud noise. Dr. Hume stopped his lecture to ask what was the matter. He was told that a freshman was shut up in the other room and was asking if he could be let out. "No," shouted the Doctor. "Leave him there, and let us hope that some morsels of wisdom may reach him through the keyhole." . . . The other story was about a football player of massive dimensions who was making a disturbance in class. Dr. Hume threatened to take him by the seat of the pants and throw him out the window. When the student smiled, Dr. Hume asked indignantly, "You don't believe I can do it, do you?" The oaf replied, "Dr. Hume, you couldn't roll me out of this room in a wheelbarrow."

In the early years of this century, one of the most popular hanging-out places in Chapel Hill was the bookstore of "Doc" Adam Klutz. Doc Klutz was a flavorsome character in those days. He spent much of his time in the back of the store playing checkers with old man Seat (Seaton) Barbee; customers would have to look for their own articles to be purchased and carry them back to Doc for payment (an unintentional precursor of the self-serve plan in vogue today). Ernest was the colored boy who worked for Doc. At one time the store gave rebate tickets with purchases which would be redeemed in cash or goods at the end of the month if the student paid his bill on time. Doc would often forget to give these tickets with purchases (it was believed that he did so by design), and a song grew up to the tune of "Everybody Works but Father," which went so:

Everybody works but Adam.
He sits 'round all day,
Tearing up rebate checks
He ought to be giving away.
Ernest runs the business,
Doc chews cigar butts;
Everybody works at this store
But Adam Applejack Klutz.

Another story about Doc Klutz resulted from an adventure in conviviality with his student friends. Late one night he was awakened by a clamor at his door. "What you want this time of night?" growled the Doc. "Some bottles of black shoe polish, sir," replied a tipsy voice which the Doc recognized as coming from a boy who had sometimes tipped a bottle with him. "What in the world do you want with a bottle of shoe polish at 2 A.M?" -- "For freshmen. You see, we've run out. Have a heart, Doc." -- "By Old Harry, I believe I'll go with you," called Doc, starting to pull on his breeches . . . . Next morning his wife found him in bed, sleeping late, his clothes only partly off, revealing face, neck, hands, and the visible portions of his torso black as an ace of spades.

An interesting item I recall from my "South Mountain Notebook" (possibly heard in Chapel Hill -- but no matter where) may be entitled "What the Bells Say." It goes, or went, forty-odd years ago, as follows:

What the Bells Say

What does the Catholic church bell say?
"We're saved; you're damned -- no use to pray."

What does the Episcopal church bell boast?
"Fine folks, fine folks, fine folks; no host."

What does the Presbyterian church bell brag?
"We're rich, we're rich; money in the bag."

What does the Methodist church bell boom?
"There's room for all; for all, there's room."

What does the Baptist church bell lip?
"Take a dip -- be saved; be saved -- take a dip."

While living in Jamaica, British West Indies, I heard the following story, which seems to be an analogue of the foregoing verses. One Sunday morning when the head bookkeeper on a large sugar estate came to the busha (manager), the following conversation took place.

"Busha, I'd like to get a horse to ride to church."

"What church are you going to?"

"The Church of England, Sir."

"Well, you can take the brown colt, she needs exercise. But be careful with her, for you know we plan to enter her in the Liguanea races this Fall."

The second bookkeeper came with a similar request.

"What church are you going to?" asked the busha.

"The Scotch Kirk, Sir."

"You can take the grey mare. She's a bit slow, but she'll get you there."

A third employe came with a request for a horse to ride to the Wesleyan Church. He was told he could take a donkey.

The last clerk put in his request.

"Well, what church do you want to go to?"

"The Bedwardite Baptist Church, Sir," replied the man, meekly.

"So? Then you can damn' well walk."

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I did not intend to write an essay when I started this letter. I only meant to say that Mrs. Washburn and I plan to attend the meeting of the Folklore Society in December (D. v., as the English would say): the longest trip I shall have made in two years.

TURTLE CREEK TO BUSRO: NOTES ON SHAKER BALLADS

By Daniel W. Patterson

[From Greensboro Dan went to Duke University. While still an undergraduate there, he became interested in old hymns and early American spirituals (in which the Duke Library has an excellent collection), and having had some music in his training, he made a serious study of them. By the time of his graduation from Duke and his entrance into the graduate school of the University of North Carolina, he had achieved a scholarly knowledge of his subject and had published an excellent collection, Forty Early American Spiritual Songs, Selected and Reproduced by Daniel Patterson (Greensboro, N. C., 1953). At Chapel Hill he promptly associated himself with the folklorists in the faculty, particularly the Editor of North Carolina Folklore, organized a little group of singers which gave occasional concerts, and assisted manfully with the Carolina Folk Festival. He has been of inestimable help to the Editor in noting tunes from tape-recordings, transcribing them, and arranging and copying music for publication (all of the tunes appearing in previous issues of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE having been of his arrangement). The following paper is a byproduct of Dan's thesis for the M.A. in English, on Shaker songs. He was awarded the degree last August, with a distinguished record. He will be in the graduate school this session, working toward the Ph.D. As man, scholar, teacher, and colleague, he should one day be a prize for some first-rate college or university English department.]

On February 17, 1786, Ezra Stiles set down in his diary a report he had heard about the Shakers. He was then president of Yale, and his informant was a clergyman acquainted with an apostate from Shakerism. This man told that during his four years in the sect he "often saw Angels in visible and beautiful Forms, and heard them sing most melodiously -- he asserts it bona fide -- and added that by touching a person he could make him turn round like a Top. He now accounts it all a Delusion of the Devil but psists in these assertions."[1] Such Pentecostal signs were common among the Shakers until well past their wild revivals of the 1840's.

Shaker song as a result often seems a sport on the Anglo-American folksong stock. Wordless tunes, songs with wordless phrases that recur in formal patterns, and tunes with texts in unknown tongues are found in Shaker manuscripts. The conditions of composition were equally strange. Spontaneous or unconscious composition was frequent, and songs were at times even learned by ear or by sight in visions, or noted down from the singing of a medium possessed by a heavenly spirit or by one of the dead. Tunes of these songs are formed from the modes, meters, and phrase patterns of traditional British-American folk song. Among them may be found familiar melodic materials, usually freely re-worked. Their secular relatives are mostly dance and play-party tunes. Texts of the Pentecostal songs are generally of one-stanza length, and express the ideals of the Shakers in symbolism developed within the sect. Ballads are wholly absent from these songs.

Shakers songs are divided, though, roughly into two groups, those described above, which were the work of the more naive Shakers, and others produced by the intellectual leaders of the sect. Songs of the second class do not appear until about 1805, when worded songs began to be written in great numbers.

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1. Literary Diary of Ezra Stiles, ed. Franklin B. Dexter (New York, 1901), III, 209.

They are associated with a trend toward formalism which began to develop among the Shaker leaders after the death of the prophetess in 1784, and which was to press originality out of Shaker song by 1870. In this group are doctrinary hymns, lyric hymns imitative of those of Watts and Wesley, and elegiac verse in the broadside tradition. There is also a handful of ballads, disappointingly small in view of the contact with narrative tradition shown by the tunes borrowed for the dull texts. The compilers of shape-note hymnals recorded a few of the traditional ballad texts, but the Shakers seemingly none at all.

My search has turned up only four ballads among the Shaker songs. (A few more will undoubtedly yet be found, for Shaker manuscripts are scattered and numerous.) Two of these four were printed in Shaker hymnals. One is "Will a man rob God?"[2] It was composed by Richard McNemar, who, with more interest in didacticism than in narration, tells how a "black-painted band" of "lucrative monsters" broke into a Shaker settlement one midnight demanding the money bag. McNemar, who had been sleeping in an attic, forgot his pacifist beliefs and hurled a chair down upon the robbers. It caused a rout, for which McNemar gives due credit to the Almighty. He sang his ballad the next morning in church.[3] The other printed ballad, an anonymous one, is headed "An Allegorical Detail of the entrance of Mother's Gospel in the West, in the year 1805. This Poem is still entertaining to those who understand its sublime imagery."[4] The sublime imagery takes the form of a happy voyage to Canaan, on which the passengers are troubled souls saved from the sectarian dangers of the Kentucky Revival by the timely arrival of Shaker missionaries with the doctrines of Ann Lee. A few stanzas will indicate the style:

(5) With our New-light colors flying, we had not sailed far,
Till we spi'd upon our larboard a gallant man of war;
"Reef up your sails (her boatswain cries) you shall not
cross this sea,
Unless you've been elected from all eternity.

(6) We found it was bold Calvin, & to the right we steer'd,
When just upon our starboard Arminus next appear'd;
We gave them each a broadside, but would not stand to fite,
And the wind being in our favor, we soon got out of sight.

(7) 4 years we plow'd the ocean, and o'er the waves did ride
With mighty thunders roaring, and storms on ev'ry side;
Sometimes we soar'd to heaven, upon a tow'ring wave,
Then down we sink a low again, into the opening grave.

(8) The marriners impatient to reach the happy ground --
And sick of these sad changes, still tossing up and down --
How oft the longing passengers look o'er the rolling seas,
Crying surely yonder's Canaan, I think I see the trees!

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2. Philos Harmoniae, A Selection of Hymns and Poems; for the Use of Believers (Watervliet, Ohio, 1833), p. 170.

3. John P. MacLean, A Sketch of the Life and Labors of Richard McNemar (Franklin, Ohio, 1905), pp. 31-32.

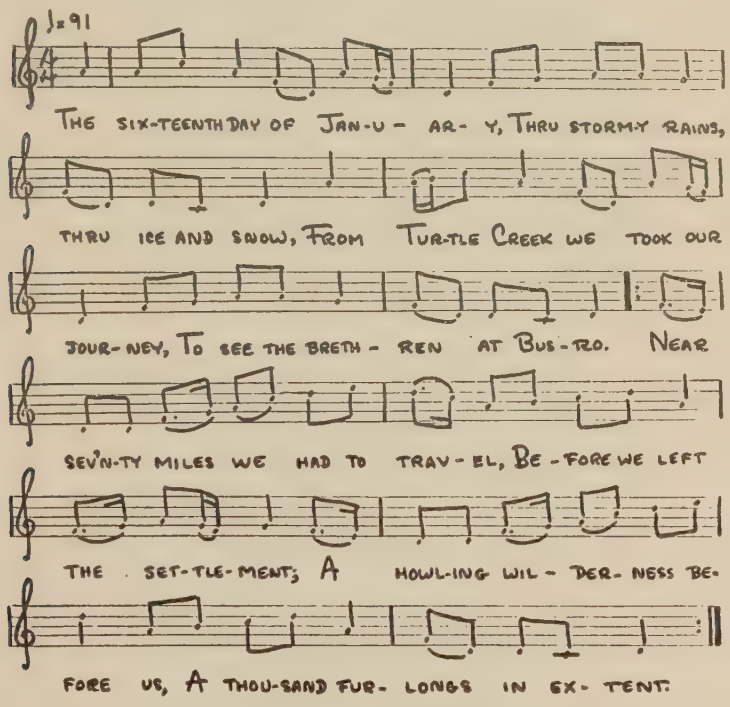
4. Philos Harmoniae, pp. 136-137.

(9) At length a blessed convoy, on board the Royal Ann,
Came forth to meet the New-light, & bring her safe to land,
From such intervening dangers, the king of Zion knew
We could never reach the harbor unless they brought us to.

(10) About the first of April, this vessel we did spy,
And our good boatswain hail'd her, "Aho the ship ahoy!
To what empire do you belong, what is your captain's name?
Let us know where you go & likewise from whence you came.

(11) Our captain is Emanuel, to Canaan we pertain,
& we're come to help you forward, across the rolling main,
We bad her kindly welcome, and Leeward we did steer....

Both of the unpublished ballads are ascribed to Issachar Bates, who is said to have been a fifer in the American Revolution and to have had a family of eleven children before he joined the Shaker sect. The first of his ballads, "On the first day of the first month in eighteen hundred five,"[5] is concerned with the journey of the Shaker missionaries from New Lebanon, New York, to the Kentucky Revival in 1805. The second of Bates's ballads, because of its historical interest, is quoted below as it appears in a manuscript from the Shaker society at Enfield, Connecticut:[6]


♩=91
THE SIX-TEENTH DAY OF JAN-U- AR- Y, THRU STORM-Y RAINS,
THRU ICE AND SNOW, FROM TUR-TLE CREEK WE TOOK OUR
JOUR-NEY, TO SEE THE BRETH- REN AT BUS-TRO. NEAR
SEV'N-TY MILES WE HAD TO TRAV-EL, BE-FORE WE LEFT
THE SET-TLE-MENT; A HOWL-ING WIL- DER- NESS BE-
FORE US, A THOU-SAND FUR- LONGS IN EX- TENT.

5. Library of Congress, Shakers, Ohio, Union Village, Ac 975, No. 345c.
6. Library of Congress, "A Record of Spiritual Songs .... Compiled by Leading Singers and Lovers of Heavenly Devotion in the Church" (Enfield, Connecticut, 1845), pp. 281-284.

(2) The way block'd up with floods of water;
The land with ice was overlaid;
On broken ice for miles we travel,
And thru the chilling waters wade.
On the third day, tho cold & stormy
It thunder'd, lighten'd, and it rain'd,
Till by a foaming branch of Locry
One day and night we were detain'd.

(3) Now here we left the last plantation,
And pass'd the ground thus overflow'd,
Prepar'd to tread the extensive desert,
A new and unfrequented road:
Each furnish'd with his staff & napsack,
And some provision for the way,
We ventur'd on, without conceiving
What trials yet before us lay.

(4) The heavy rains had loos'd the rivers,
And set the ice all in a float.
And tho we hop'd a raft would answer,
In place of a canoe or boat,
Yet bottom lands, for miles together,
We knew were in one overflow
With broken ice & floating timber,
That there we knew not how to go.

(5) Now for a sudden change of weather
We pray'd upon our bended knees;
That violent cold might fill the ether,
And all these mighty waters freeze.
The weather chang'd, the freeze commenced,
And we desir'd it might not slack,
Until it form'd a solid passage,
Each sie of the Muskaketac.

(6) This low flat river at length obstructed,
And mighty waters standing there,
Six miles at least, all like an ocean,
With ice too thin our weight to bear.
By various means we sought a passage;
But finding it could not be cross'd,
In patient hope we there encamped,
To wait the issue of the frost.

(7) A while the country we explored,
In hopes to find a passage round;
And there a fox had kill'd a turkey,
The leg and breast of which we found.
These little fragments well dress'd and smoked,
Did furnish one delicious meal;
And for provision so unexpected,
How glad and thankful did we feel!

(8) Two days and nights we there remained,
With hunger pinch'd, and freezing cold,
While the majestic current flowed
O'er all its banks so high & bold.
On the third morn we ventur'd forward,
However dang'rous it might seem;
Wet to the loins, and in a snow storm,
We built a raft, and cross'd the stream.

(9) Six miles we trod the icy pavement,
Like roaring thunder cracking round;
And as the shades of night o'erspread us,
We safely reach'd the solid ground.
While frozen trees were loudly cracking,
And whistling winds severely blow,
Our most refreshing entertainment
Was a good fire and melted snow.

(10) This unknown flood we safely passed;
Yet still retain'd our former dread,
As we suppos'd the Muskaketac
Was at least ten miles ahead;
Till the next morning, a nob appeared,
Which show'd how far we had got along.
And on its top with joy we shouted,
And labor'd one thanksgiving song.

(11) These nobs are high, the air most piercing,
And the north wind severely blows.
We ran and stamp'd till quite exhausted,
With swelled feet and frozen toes:
So swell'd and blister'd, so pinch'd and bruised,
We had to walk in our stocking soles,
Till two days travel thru snags and bushes,
Had worn them into fifty holes.

(12) Our bed was brush; and in the morning
We strip'd, and bath'd in the cold snow.
We dress'd, and kneel'd, and ate our morsel;
And when we had prepar'd to go,
Our little comforts seem'd so endearing,
Tho joints were stiff and bellies lank,
We own'd kind Heaven's safe protection,
And kindly there each other thank.

(13) The walnut, oak, and chesnut timber,
On ev'ry side the forest lin'd;
And tho their fruit we much desired,
No nut or acorn could we find.
Thus over hills and creeks and vallies
We marched thru the desert land,
Till early on the fourteenth morning,
White river brought us to a stand.

(14) With floating ice the current rolled,
So that we knew not what to do,
Till far beyond our expectation,
We spied a house and good canoe.
A friendly hand convey'd us over,
With cold benum'd, with hunger faint;
And the refreshment we there received,
The strongest language cannot paint.

(15) Now with renewed animation
The hopeful journey we pursue,
Till the next fork of the same river,
On the next morning, came in view.
There twenty furlongs of ice and water
Were mingling in one great uproar;
But being set across the current,
We forc'd our passage to the shore.

(16) Our greatest suff'rings now were over,
And ev'ry danger left behind:
Scarce thirty miles remain'd to travel,
Where entertainment we could find.
Our weary limbs renew'd their vigor,
Until we reach'd the Busro soil;
And the kind welcome we received,
Made rich amends for all our toil.

The tune of this ballad, which will have been recognized as a dorian variant of that of the shape-note spiritual "Judgment,"[7] is described as "learned of Eld. Benj. Youngs, when he was here with Eldress Molly & others, from South Union [Kentucky], in July, 1827." The text had reached Enfield earlier with the following explanatory letter, which was copied into the manuscript along with the ballad:

Lebanon, State of Ohio, April 10th, 1809.

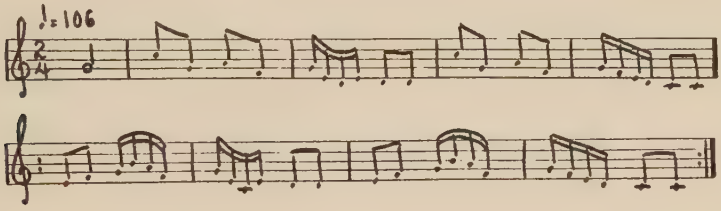
With my kind love to Elder Nathaniel and the Ministry with him, and all the faithful in his order, I send a little poem, composed on the journey of Benjamin [Youngs], Issachar [Bates]and Richard [McNemar], to the Wabash riverin the Indiana territory, about 230 miles west of this place For the better understanding of which, it is proper to observe, that the circumstances of the believers at Busro indispensably required a visit at that inclement season of the year. That in consequence of a remarkable flood, and the want of ferries in the wilderness, it was deemed wholly impracticable to go thru with horses; therefore the only alternative that remained, was to perform the journey on foot, and carry provision sufficient to subsist on, thru the uninhabited wilderness. They were conveyed with a couple of horses to Whitewater, about 35 miles; thence their way lay down the Ohio river; from which, the creeks that empty into it, had been so backed up and frozen over, and the water fallen from the ice, that they had to travel for miles on broken ice: some of those creeks they cross'd on broken ice; others, being open, they waded the water, which was excessively

7. George P. Jackson, Another Sheaf of White Spirituals (Gainesville, Fla., 1952), p. 147.

cold. Lockry was the last of these streams; where they were detained one day, in consequence of high water, from rain, which had fallen the day before. Here they left the inhabitants, and the back waters of Ohio, and steered thru the woods to a new road, which was cut out last summer, from Post Vincent, on the Wabash, and terminated on Locry, seven miles above the settlement; which road they followed, thru the rest of the wilderness. -- The brethren returned by the same route, thru many scenes of difficulty, especially in passing rivers, creeks, and overflowed lands; some of which they had to wade for miles; and particular parts of which were impassible, any other way than by poling themselves along upon old logs, which they found afloat. However, they arrived home in safety, March 29th, and are now in good health. And we are all much satisfied with their journey, and the good account we have received from the believers at Busro.

Joseph Allen.

To complete the tale of this wilderness journey, I have transcribed below the dance tune referred to in the tenth stanza of the ballad. A note with this song says that it was "given by inspiration to Br. Issachar," indicating that Bates composed unconsciously as well as consciously. The tune was learned at Enfield "of Richard MacNemar [sic] , when he was here from Union Village, in August, 1829:"[8]



8. "A Record of Spiritual Songs," p. 50.

GAR (GYAR) BROTH; GOWBRAL (GOWBRAWL)

By Arthur Palmer Hudson

One day, last Summer, I gave my wife a break from cooking Sunday dinner by taking her to the University's Lenoir Dining Hall. In the cafeteria line next to us was a middle-aged gentleman with whom I fell into conversation. He told me that he is an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, is principal of a large consolidated school in Scotland County (Laurel Hill, to the best of my recollection), and was then planning to send his son to the University this Fall. (Later, he remarked casually that he is a member of the General Asembly from Scotland County; and I tried in vain to recall what, if anything in particular, he had had to do with the University's fate and my own during the 1955 session.) A lively and interesting talker, Mr. Roger Kiser told us at lunch about his life and hard times; about his school activities in Fall, Winter, and Spring; and about his trucking (both vegetable-and-melon-producing and delivering to Lenoir and other eating-places) in the Summer. (He had just brought up a load of produce for Lenoir Hall.) Suspecting that Mr. Kiser is already something of a folklorist (almost every keen observer of human life who thinks about what he sees, is), I asked him, after we had finished lunch, to go up to my office in Bingham Hall to see some gimmicks and trifles I have here. These produced a very gratifying response in Mr. Kiser, and I gave him a copy of North Carolina Foklore and a few other printed items to read in his truck and take along with him back to Scotland. Before he left, he asked me a question which is the subject of this little note.

"Did you ever," he asked, "hear the word gowbral or gowbrawl?--I don't exactly know how to spell it. It is used as a noun, usually in the expression 'mean as a gowbral (or gowbrawl).' Anyhow, it designates the nth degree of meanness."

"Where and how long have you heard it?"

"I've heard it all my life. It used to be common around Winston-Salem, Greensboro, and that general area. My father, who died last year at the age of 86, told me that he had known it all his life."

"Did he, or anybody else you know, ever try to account for it?"

"Yes. I think I remember somebody's telling me that it originated in a locality in southern Virginia, just across the line, in connection with a notorious tavern, either named Gow or run by a man of that name. The tavern was the scene of much drunkenness, brawls, and other disorders. So people in that locality described a man of unscrupulous conduct or violent temper and surly, fighting dispositon, by the term 'mean as a Gow brawl.'"

I don't know how good a schoolman, truck-grower, and legislator Mr. Kiser is; but he is certainly a good folklorist, and, in particular, a plausible folk etymologist. (When we don't know about the origin of new or interesting words, we are all either folk etymologists ourselves or credulous accepters of folk etymology.)

There is some historical basis for believing that the word Mr. Kiser asked about is a survival of a Scotticism entered in Joseph Wright's English Dialect Dictionary as the word garboil (also spelled garbel and garbulle); defined as "A broil, commotion, uproar"; and exemplified in Chalmers' Mary Queen of Scots (1818) by the sentence "In all these garbulles, I assure your honour, I never saw the queen merrier." North Carolina has many people of direct Scottish descent; in fact, some communities that were settled in the eighteenth century almost exclusively by Scots (mainly Highlanders who spoke Gaelic). It would not be unreasonable to expect that such a word as garboil would survive in popular speech. If so, its meaning could easily have been extended to such contexts as the one Mr. Kiser gave -- "mean as a garboil," which by a natural process of change could have become "mean as a gowbral (gowbrawl)."

But I suspect that Mr. Kiser heard imperfectly, or pronounces only approximately, a fairly common substantive: gar broth (or, with palatalization of the g observed in southeastern Virginia and northeastern North Carolina speech, gyar broth). The first word, of course, is from gar (or gyar), a fish of the carp family, rather bony and strong-smelling and -tasting, regarded by many fishermen as unfit for the table, but commonly eaten by Negroes and po' whites (I guess I was one when I ate gar caught in Scooba Chitto Creek or Big Black River, in Mississippi).

Inquiry among friends and acquaintances on the campus (my first rule for investigating local or regional words or expressions) brought several interested and interesting responses. Mrs. Cornelia A. Edwards, eighth grade teacher of English in the Sanford Junior High School, was my first informant. She knew the word, and, to be sure about its local history and usage, she consulted her father, at Sanford. "Mean as garbroth," she wrote, "refers to food or to people. The term is used by sailors and other people on the eastern shore of Virginia and by residents of the northeastern counties of North Carolina. Some Negroes expanded the simile into 'mean as gar broth mixed with tadpoles.'" Similarly, Miss Louise McG. Hall, Assistant Reference Librarian of the University Library, is familiar with "gyar broth, as in the expression 'strong as gyar broth,' referring to a sort of soup made from the gar fish. It is in common usage in Halifax, Edgecombe, and Sampson Counties." Miss Hall has heard her father use it frequently. It is always, she says, used in a derogatory sense, and may be used figuratively, referring to human character or conduct.

Both A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles (Craigie and Hulbert, University of Chicago, c. 1940) and A Dictionary of Americanisms (Mathews, University of Chicago, 1950) confirm Mrs. Edwards and Miss Hall. The two dictionaries concur in definitions and, for the most part, in examples. A Dictionary of Americanisms bases the expression on "gar. n. [f. garfish] : 1. Short for garfish 1765 J. Bartram in W. Stork Acct. E. Fla (1766) 10 . . . . 2. In combs: (1) garbroth, S. broth or soup made of the garfish, also as mean as a garbroth, also attrib., Colloq." Both dictionaries cite, as the first recorded use of garbroth (1832), Paulding's Westward Ho! II.100: "If I hadn't sooner eat garbroth with a real nigger, may I never see a tree." M. A. Owen's Voodoo Tales (1893), 32, is also quoted in exemplification of Miss Hall's palatalized-g pronunciation: "One time dey wuz er man dat wuz meaner'n gyar-broth."

Mrs. Edwards gave me the expression in its highest potential. She said that her father, who grew up in Stanly County, had heard the variant "as strong (or mean) as garbroth and ashes." That would be really something!

Let us hope that the next time the General Assembly meets, Mr. Kiser will not be "as mean to the University as garbroth and ashes"! And that his boy won't start a gowbrawl when he gets to Chapel Hill.

THE DECEMBER 1955 MEETING OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY

The 1955 meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society will be held, according to custom, on the first Friday in December, which will be the second, at 2:30 P.M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel. Dr. C. C. Crittenden, Secretary of the Literary and Historical Association, with which the Folklore Society is happily affiliated, assures us that he will make every effort, for the next meeting, to avoid the hangover from a one-o'clock luncheon session of the Association which in the past has usually delayed the beginning of the Foklore Society meeting at 2:30.

The program for the public session has not been formulated. But the Secretary-Treasurer, who has traditionally been charged with responsibility for it, has been going up and down the earth with his tape-recorder, hunting out singers, story-tellers, and musicians, and he has found a slew of them, some old, some new. From all this talent, in addition to the old standbys, he is confident he can cook up something to everybody's taste. Nominations for the honor of appearing on the program are, as always, welcome; volunteers for the program, thrice welcome.

The active membership is invited to make suggestions, else the Secretary-Treasurer might put himself on. He is just r'arin' to play your ears off with tape-recordings made last summer: (1) The story and demonstration (with ukelele accompaniment -- and how!) of the first public singing of "Sweet Adeline" to an audience at Damariscotta, Maine, fifty-odd years ago, by the Maine Yankee, Harold W. Casther, who sang the song for the first time (from a manuscript of it, before it was every printed or even bore its present title); (2) a gang of sportsmen in Kosciusko, Mississippi, who tell how they hunt crows, hawks, owls, turkeys, ducks, and deer, and dramatize their methods, with crow callers, hawk callers, owl callers, turkey callers, duck callers, and shotguns, larding all with stories of adventures by flood and swamp, and folklore about the game; (3) an interview, with narrative and song recital, with a young woman who was born, reared, and educated in Rumania, mastering the language and absorbing the folklore, but was descended from a German family that left the Reich in the 16th century to teach the Rumanians agriculture, liked the land, stayed and prospered, but kept themselves echt-Deutsch by refraining from inter-marrying with the Rumanians, and taught their children German and the beautiful deutsche Lieder, Sprichtswörter, Rätsel, Märchen, u. s. w. -- all of which the Rumanian-German Fraulein tells, recites, or sings, in a very clear, sweet voice; (4) a recording by an obliging neighbor-lady of a lovely old Gaelic folksong, "Àn Coineachan (A Fairy Lullaby)," which the Editor first heard and recorded in the summer of 1954, from the singing of a girl summer student who had learned it at a girls' camp in North Carolina, but which he was not able to identify until he found it (in Gaelic and English, with music) in a book in the Harvard College Library last July; (5) recordings of fine folksongs by some of the star attendants and performers at a conference on folk music and the ballad which the Editor attended (as the guest of Harvard) on July 20-23; (6) some choice Yankee anecdotes in choice down-East Yankee speech, recorded by the Editor in Bremen Township, Maine, the week after the Harvard conference; and (7) much else, too varied and abundant to detail. You'd better head off the Editor and save yourselves!

On the subject of the Folklore Society, this paragraph will entreat you to respond promptly to notices of dues, which will be going out about November 1, with announcement of details of the program. With the journal on our hands, the Folklore Society is getting to be big business. We have 128 paid-up members to date, adults at $2, students at $1. The total dues might look like a lot of money for a college professor to spend. But each issue of NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE costs around $140, and we are putting out two this year. We should

aim for quarterly issue, and stop puzzling periodicals librarians about the periodicity of a journal with "Volume II, No. 1," on its masthead, and no other numbers for the year. Our little reserve, so painfully accumulated by the Secretary-Treasurer through the years since he took over from Professor Frank Brown, in 1943, is fast dwindling. So pay up, and give more if you can! The Treasurer's office is always open.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING DECEMBER MEETING

Since writing the preceding veiled threat, the Secretary-Treasurer (ex officio, program-making officer) has secured the promise of two important features for the annual meeting on Friday, December 2, 2:30 P.M.

Dr. Warner Wells, of Chapel Hill, translator of the best-seller Hiroshima Diary (U. N. C. Press, 1955), has consented to talk about "Japanese Folklore of the Hiroshima A-Bomb."

Betty Vaiden (Mrs. Charles S.) Williams, of Raleigh, has agreed to present a song recital of North Carolina traditional ballads.

These two top-liners will assure the 1955 program of distinguished interest. Details will be given in the usual form-letter announcement to members, to be sent out about November 15.

THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE

The Chicago Folklore Prize was established by the International Folklore Association and is awarded annually by the University of Chicago for an important contribution to the study of folklore. Students, candidates for higher degrees, and established scholars may compete for the Prize. The contribution may be a monograph, thesis, essay, article, or a collection of materials. No restriction is placed on the contestant's choice of topic or selection of material: the term "folklore" is here used in its broadest sense (e.g., American, European, etc. folklore; anthropological, literary, religious, etc. folklore).

It is permissible to submit material which has appeared in print, provided that such material be submitted within one year from the time of publication. The successful contestant who submits material in typed form and has this material published subsequently, is expected to send a copy of the printed monograph, etc., to the University of Chicago, for the library. Sufficient postage should be included if the contestant wishes to have his material returned. Monographs and collections, etc., must be submitted before April 15, 1956, to the Chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, The University of Chicago, Chicago 37, Illinois. The Chicago Folklore Prize is a cash award of about $50.00. The recipient's name is published in the Convocation Statement in June.